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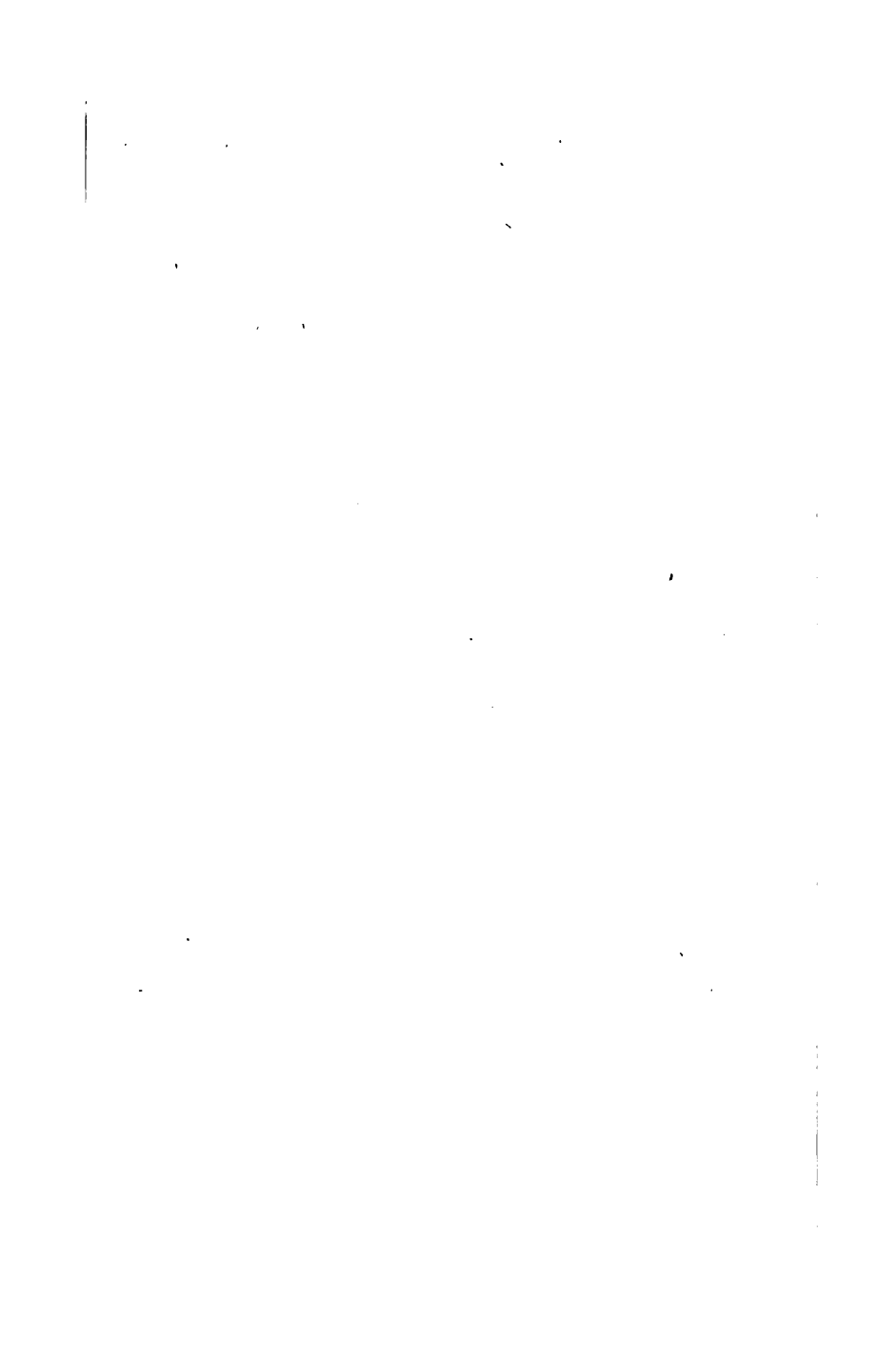


THE
HOME WREATH
AND
OTHER POEMS.



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THE HOME WREATH,

&c., &c.

THE
HOME WREATH,

AND
OTHER POEMS,

BY
HARRIET NOKES.

~~~~~  
LONDON.  
LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.  
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**F. NOKES, PRINTER, CHURCH-STREET, BILSTON.**

V.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY EMILY FOLEY,

THIS VOLUME

IS

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BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

HARRIET NOKES.



vii.

UNDER  
THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE  
OF  
THE RIGHT HON. LADY EMILY FOLEY,  
THE RIGHT REV.  
THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD,  
THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH,  
LORD WROTTESELEY,  
W. O. FOSTER, ESQ. M. P.  
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REV. J. B. OWEN. M. A.  
GEORGE DAWSON, ESQ. M. A.  
PHILIP J. BAILEY, ESQ.  
&c., &c., &c.



## C O N T E N T S.

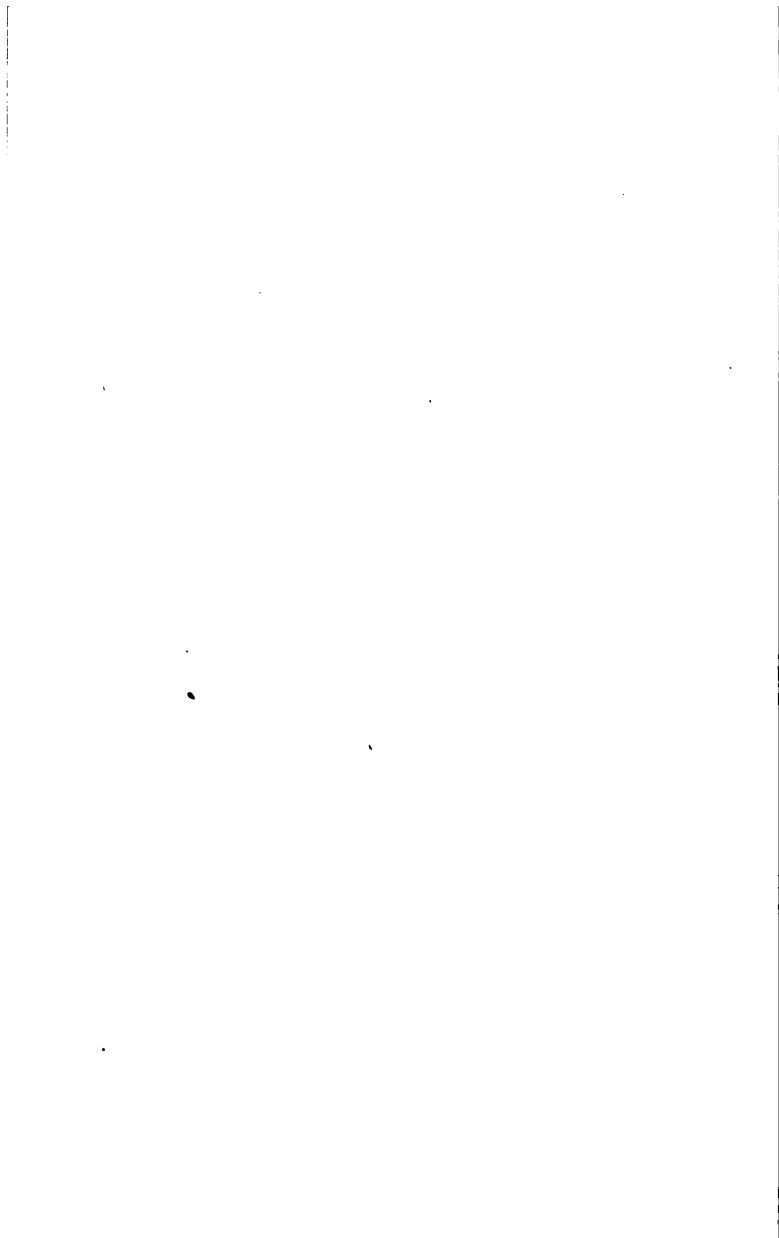
|                                | PAGE. |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| The Home Wreath .. .. .        | 1     |
| My Books .. .. .               | 17    |
| Memory of the Country .. .. .  | 19    |
| Sonnet .. .. .                 | 22    |
| The Unclaimed Hostage .. .. .  | 23    |
| The Sick Girl's Prayer .. .. . | 25    |
| The People to the Poet .. .. . | 28    |
| A Prayer .. .. .               | 31    |
| Song .. .. .                   | 33    |
| The Children .. .. .           | 34    |
| Flowers .. .. .                | 36    |
| Anticipation .. .. .           | 38    |
| A Parting Song .. .. .         | 40    |
| Impromptu .. .. .              | 42    |
| The Old Year .. .. .           | 45    |

# X.

|                                                 | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------|
| A Fragment .. .. .                              | 48    |
| The Trent .. .. .                               | 50    |
| A Maiden's Farewell to her Emigrant Lover ..    | 51    |
| Guardian Spirits .. .                           | 54    |
| Hymn .. .. .                                    | 56    |
| Two Marys .. .. .                               | 57    |
| True Hearts are the Gems of Earth .. ..         | 58    |
| White Moss-Roses .. .. .                        | 60    |
| Christmas Bells .. .. .                         | 62    |
| An Appeal .. .. .                               | 64    |
| A Fragment .. .. .                              | 67    |
| Dream-Love .. .. .                              | 68    |
| Sonnet .. .. .                                  | 70    |
| Forgiveness .. .. .                             | 71    |
| We may Return no More .. .. .                   | 73    |
| Poetry Undying .. .. .                          | 76    |
| To a Cloud .. .. .                              | 78    |
| A Dreamer's Confession .. .. .                  | 79    |
| A Mother's Farewell to her Emigrant Daughter .. | 82    |
| Sonnet .. .. .                                  | 85    |
| Is She Happy? .. .. .                           | 86    |

|                                         | PAGE. |
|-----------------------------------------|-------|
| The Temptation .. .. .                  | 88    |
| A Farewell .. .. .                      | 92    |
| Love .. .. .                            | 94    |
| Stanzas .. .. .                         | 96    |
| Truth on Earth .. .. .                  | 98    |
| To Georgiana Bennet .. .. .             | 101   |
| Song—"The Sunshine Will Return" .. .. . | 104   |
| The Last Farewell .. .. .               | 105   |
| Trust Again .. .. .                     | 109   |
| Song .. .. .                            | 111   |
| Stanzas .. .. .                         | 112   |
| Song .. .. .                            | 114   |
| The Rejection .. .. .                   | 115   |
| The Italian Patriot .. .. .             | 117   |
| To Kate .. .. .                         | 119   |
| A Little Rest .. .. .                   | 121   |
| Peace .. .. .                           | 123   |
| To an Absent One .. .. .                | 125   |
| Stanzas .. .. .                         | 127   |
| Those few kind words from Thee .. .. .  | 129   |
| A Remembered Face .. .. .               | 130   |





## P O E M S .

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### THE HOME WREATH.

Within a home of love three sisters grew  
In strength and beauty, richly dowered with hopes  
Whose bright imaginings do ever deck  
With brilliant hues the dawn of womanhood.  
One, a meek Violet, whose gentle love  
Was as a charm that lightened every care,  
A sunbeam gladdening all within her sphere ;

Eager all household duties to fulfil  
With cheerful smile, happy she knew not why,  
And making happiness home's atmosphere.  
The second child was as the Lily fair,  
Upon her cheek a light would sometimes glow  
Like sunset rays upon white roses shed,  
And on her brow a glory seemed to dwell  
Such as in Heaven would crown its purity.  
The third, a Red Rose, on whose crimson lip,  
Dwelt the rich fulness which the summer gives  
Her glowing favorites, and from her eyes  
So passionate a spirit gazed, that all  
Who looked upon her knew that Poesy  
Dwelt in her heart and quickened every pulse.  
Young, beautiful, and gifted, you might deem  
No sorrow ever threw its darkening shade  
Across her path: but like the mariner  
Without his compass on a stormy sea  
Is the fond heart of woman, left to feed  
In restless dreamings on its own sweet life.

And she, the Lady of my lay, who sought  
With yearning love to reach the hearts of all,  
Grew sorrowful to see the constant strife  
Of wrong and evil, and in weariness  
Of heart she sung:—

“My songs! my songs! oh, would that one  
    May through the coming years  
Be welcome to the weary heart,  
    And soothe the mourner's fears.

If only one might live to tell,  
    The aspirations high,  
The boundless, gushing love I poured  
    On all beneath the sky.

But one, to tell my yearning hopes,  
    My wild impassioned dreams;  
The restless efforts of my soul  
    To soar to higher themes:

My spirit's waste and weariness,  
My woman's heart unfilled ;  
My trusting faith in human love,  
By sneers and mockings chilled.

And one to tell the thrilling joy,  
That from these ashes sprung,  
The hope that one wild strain may live,  
Of all my lips have sung.

My songs! my songs! you cannot live ;  
Yet may your feeble breath  
Wake music in some drooping heart  
Before I sleep in death."

Her song had ceased, and one who heard her words,  
Strove from his strong wise heart to comfort her;

Seeking to rouse her mind to nobler aim  
Than worldly praise or the bright wreath of Fame :  
For though Time's frosty finger had been laid  
Upon his brow, his soul was warm as when  
Youth's angel held him fondly by the hand.  
The morrow's sun must see him distant far,  
It might be they would never meet again,  
And knowing she would prize his parting words,  
He took her harp and sung :—

“ Daughter of Song ! lift up thy drooping head !  
Onward and upward ! must thy watchword be !  
On other hearts thy lay must gladness shed,  
Though trial, grief, and scorn may fall on thee !

Lift up thy voice ! and let thy songs flow forth,  
Free and unshadowed by thine own heart's pain,  
Speak comfort to the wearied ones of earth,  
And rouse the careless with thy lofty strain.

Strive thou the burden of the weak to bear,  
With powerful words unwind strong Error's chain,  
Lighten the sorrows of the poor, and share  
In tender sympathy all human pain.

Onward ! thou art to many hearts endeared,  
By secret good thy earnest words have done :  
And spirits long by sin and anger seared,  
Thy holy song to love and peace hath won.

And though no kindred mind thy lot may share,  
Or cheer thee in the path thou hast to tread,  
Thy soothing lays will lighten other's care,  
And hope and joy around their spirits shed.

And thy reward shall be that real Fame,  
Too little prized—too little understood,  
The fervent blessings breathed upon thy name,  
By those thy song hath cheered or led to good "

A deeper colour spread upon her cheek,  
And the quick tears were gushing from her eyes ;  
Tears of awakened feeling, that would leave  
Her proud heart softened by their gentle rain.  
She turned to speak, but he had passed away,  
Leaving within her soul a memory  
That could not perish, and awakening thoughts  
That should bear plenteous fruit in after hours.  
She stood in all her radiant loveliness,  
A rose with morning's dews fresh on its leaves,  
Pouring sweet odours from its crimson cup ;  
And thus she sung an answering lay—

“ No more, no more, my heart shall droop,  
Though long and dark the night ;  
The clouds must pass and leave revealed  
A wide blue heaven of light,  
And so the night of grief and sin,  
Ere long shall pass away,  
And Love o'er all the smiling earth  
Bear universal sway.



My feeble efforts may be vain,  
To stem the raging tide ;  
Whose stream of guilt and misery,  
In gloom the world hath dyed.  
Wrong, cruelty, and wrath may crush  
The timid and the weak,  
And loving hearts too oft in vain  
For answering love may seek.

Yet if my hand may plant one flower  
Along life's dusty way,  
If but one sinking heart is cheered  
By aught my lips may say,  
I am content—and through the world  
Henceforth my feet shall tread,  
Rejoicing in the few bright things,  
That round my path are spread."

\* \* \* \* \*

A few brief years, and Time's unsparing hand  
Had touched that bower of love with much of change :  
Strong in youth's trust and truth, the Violet  
Had breathed her marriage vow, and from her home  
The music of her voice had scarcely passed,  
And on her brow the orange flowers were bright ;  
When a stern bridegroom who doth ever come  
With the same majesty of step and mien  
To cottage as to palace, claimed *his* bride—  
The fragile Lily ; from her golden hair  
The brightness faded, and the pure white brow  
Grew whiter still, but from her gentle eyes  
He could not steal the look of love, that now  
Beamed with such fondness on the mourning friends  
Who watched her death-bed : slowly her strength  
decayed,  
Her spirit passed away as sunset fades,  
Leaving a glory on the clouds of eve,

And o'er her grave her weeping sister poured  
Her love and sorrow forth.

“Gone, in thy young fair beauty !  
Cold in the silent tomb,  
Thy white brow crowned with lilies :—  
Yet round thee is no gloom.  
Thy bright soul knew no sorrow :—  
Earth's weariness and care,  
Had touched thy heart so lightly,  
None dreamt they had been there.

And though my tears are falling,  
I would not bring thee back ;  
Albeit thou wert the sunbeam  
That cheered my life's dark track.  
Even now we are not severed,  
Thy spirit hovers o'er  
The home where thou wert cherished  
As its fairest, sweetest flower.

And ere the rose has faded  
I placed within thy hand,  
To tell thee of thy sister,  
Amid yon seraph band :  
I shall have sought thy dwelling,  
For in my inmost heart,  
A spirit voice is ringing,  
And I too must depart."

Her mournful prophecy was sadly true ;  
Few suns had set ere she lay stretched in pain  
Upon her fevered couch, and the fond dreams  
Of hope and love, that blest her life's young morn,  
Were fading slowly from her eager sight.  
The visions of her youth, of all that once  
She hoped to be : the starry crown of Fame,  
Earth's loud applauses, or its crushing scorn,  
Alike had lost the power to shake the heart  
That until now trembled at every breath  
Of praise or censure ; but her spirit rose,

Shook off triumphant every chain save one,  
One golden link there was so firmly set  
Within her heart, that even Death had not  
The power to loose it, and the sudden strength  
That sometimes to the dying for a space  
Comes back, upheld her, and her fading eyes  
Once more gleamed with strange beauty, as she  
turned  
Her gaze upon the weeping Violet,  
And in a voice of sweetest melody  
She poured her spirit forth—

“Clasp thy fond arms around me closer still  
Mine own sweet sister ! I have words to say,  
That may thy gentle heart with wonder fill,  
Yet must be spoken ere I pass away ;  
So—let me lay my head upon thy breast—  
A colder pillow soon will be its rest.

How shall I tell thee ? how command my tongue

To speak of one whose name hath been to me,  
Too sacred to be whispered even in song,

Until this last dark hour of agony ?

Now, the wild wish to hear his voice once more,  
Is all that keeps me from Death's peaceful shore.

I know it may not be, I know that tone

Will never reach my longing ear again,  
And I must die as I have lived—alone—

Without one word to soothe this burning pain,  
Without one look of love from those dear eyes,  
In answer to my long poured tears and sighs.

What value was my beauty's fatal dower ?

Of what avail my gift of song has been ?  
What matter that in festive hall and bower,

I was the envied, courted, worshipped queen ?  
What cared I for the laurel crown of Fame,  
Unless its power could win a dearer name ?

What matter these? am I not dying now,  
Without one word from him whose smile has  
been

The day-star of my life : to win whose vow  
I were content to live unknown, unseen :  
Would that he might have known this empty Fame,  
Ruled not my spirit like his praise or blame !

Too late, but when the tale that I am gone  
Whence there is no return, shall reach his ear,  
It may be that some long-past look or tone,  
Shall then speak to him with a meaning clear ;  
Then in his tender memory of me,  
My lost affection shall requited be.

Let not my weakness grieve thee, it is past ;  
Death's friendly hand will still this throbbing  
heart,  
Beloved one, thy tears are falling fast,  
But for awhile, a little while, we part,  
Mourn not too fondly o'er thy broken flower,  
"Twill bloom again in Heaven's immortal bower."

How bitterly the last fair sister wept  
Her lost companions it were vain to tell ;  
But often when her heart was happiest,  
And when the voices of her children filled  
Her home with music, she would dream she heard  
Above their ringing laughter, tones whose sound  
Brought back the memory of her girlhood's days ;  
And with her little ones around her knee,  
Oft would she speak to them of Heaven and Love,  
And of the two bright sisters of her youth,  
Who passing through the golden gates of Death,  
May yet in spirit hover o'er the earth.  
Remembered, but no longer mourned as lost,  
She thought of them as absent for a space,  
And in her inmost heart rejoiced to know  
The Lily in its unstained purity  
Was safe from evil, and if Love's  
Refreshing dew-drop is denied the Rose  
It withers 'neath the noonday's scorching sun ;  
And none its faded beauty may recall.



Oh ! weep not o'er the early called to Heaven,  
It is a blessed doom to leave the world,  
Its dark temptations, and its wasted hopes,  
Lost loves, and severed friendships, for a land  
Where Truth and Love light up the firmament,  
And where the weary spirit finds its rest,  
Where cares come not, and where one bitter word  
That makes earth's misery and pain—the word—  
“ Farewell,” is never heard.

MY BOOKS.

" My never failing friends are they  
With whom I converse day by day "

SOUTHEY.

My pleasant friends ! of whom I never weary,  
To whom I come in sunshine and in shade ;  
Whose welcome is as kind when days are dreary,  
As when Hope's rainbow seems too bright to fade.

You tell me tales of whispering groves and bowers,  
Upon whose beauty I may seldom gaze ;  
You paint the sunset light on closing flowers,  
And linger fondly o'er its fading rays.

You tell me of an old majestic mountain,  
    Upon whose brow the snow for ever lies ;  
You bring the music of some fairy fountain,  
    Before whose merry singing trouble flies.

You fill my heart with dreams of field and forest,  
    Till I forget the crowded street outside ;  
And when upon me sorrow presses sorest,  
    You speak of One, who for me lived and died.

You cheer me when my lonely footsteps falter,  
    Telling of Him whose arm will strength supply ;  
You bid me wait in silence at His altar,  
    Restraining each impatient word and sigh.

Thank God for books ! for everything of beauty,  
    That lights the sky and sparkles o'er the land ;  
Thank God ! amidst the thorny path of duty,  
    For every gentle deed and friendly hand !

## MEMORY OF THE COUNTRY.

"If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy mind from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

LONGFELLOW.

No human grief makes nature's face  
Look less divinely fair ;  
Her beauty deepens as we gaze  
Through mists of tearful care ;  
Not till the heart some sorrow knows  
Is all her kindness shown,  
As stronger grows a mother's love  
To soothe her infant's moan.

And we who through the crowded streets  
Our daily path must tread,  
And only know the summer by  
The hot sun overhead ;  
We dream o'er childish memories  
Of forest, field, and lane,  
When primroses, and violets,  
Could charm away all pain.

And so the memory of this scene  
Will be a living Spring,  
Above whose sunny fountain, Hope  
Shall spread her snowy wing.  
The wild birds singing I shall hear  
In many a dreaming hour,  
And see again these grassy slopes  
And ivy-mantled tower.

In days of weariness and pain,  
This vision will return,  
And from its glowing images  
My soul shall wisdom learn.  
Learn, that as Spring gives back the flowers,  
And bids the valleys sing,  
So to the heart shall one day come  
A bright, eternal Spring.

## SONNET.

The day is done, and weary lip and brow  
Put off the mask they have been forced to wear  
Even with the echo of thy farewell prayer,  
Yet lingering in mine ear : 'tis past, and now  
I may call back the happy thoughts that twine  
Round every future hope some word of thine,  
Some word of love or counsel ; and my vow  
To win a name, or striving for it *die*,  
Grows stronger, deeper in intensity,  
For in the struggle I am not alone,  
And if to droop and fail must be my fate,  
Blest with thy love earth is not desolate.  
And in that world where absence is unknown,  
*All* shall be taught us at " Our Father's " throne !

## THE UNCLAIMED HOSTAGE.

Suggested by a beautiful Engraving bearing that Title.

Look not so mournful, lady,  
Lift up those dreaming eyes,  
And let me drink the beauty  
That in them shrouded lies.  
Awake thy silent lute-strings,  
And breathe one song for me,  
For I would pour my spirit  
In burning lays to thee.

Turn not away so coldly,  
No victor's power is mine,  
I am *thy* captive, conquered  
By those sweet looks of thine.  
Shrink not, I come no nearer,  
Unless one word from thee,  
Will whisper that the future  
Shall give thy hand to me.



Left by thy vanquished people  
Unclaimed, unqueened thou art,  
A fallen country's hostage,  
Yet empress of my heart.  
My love shall guard thy beauty,  
My sword defend thy name,  
And ne'er shall fairer maiden,  
From me a tribute claim.

Come, smile upon me Zaidée,  
One little smile of thine  
Were worth the brightest jewel  
On which the sun can shine.  
Love's light at last is stealing  
Within those starry eyes,  
There—rest thee on my bosom,  
My kiss shall hush those sighs.

THE SICK GIRL'S PRAYER.

"I am content to die, but oh! not now!"

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Not yet! not yet! the Spring's light step  
Is dancing o'er the land,  
Her breath is on my faded cheek,  
Her flowers are in my hand.  
Not yet! not yet!—the fever flush  
Is burning on my brow,  
But oh! the world is very fair.  
I cannot leave it now!

Not yet ! not yet ! for round my way  
A love so true doth shine,  
It gilds with glory every step,  
And maketh all things mine.  
The sunset hath a richer hue,  
There is a deeper spell  
In music's voice, and all the world  
Seemeth in joy to dwell.

Not yet ! not yet ! oh ! solemn Death !  
Once fervently I prayed,  
That summer's sun, and summer's flowers,  
In earth might see me laid ;  
But *now*, though feeble is my breath,  
And friends around me sigh,  
Yet with this new born wealth of love  
I cannot part—and die !

Vain words are these :—Creator !—God !

Thou, only Thou can'st tell

The wild deep passion of the heart

That wakes to love's dread spell ;

Thou, only Thou, can'st teach that heart,

To trust its all to Thee,

Restrain these fevered dreams and breathe

Thy holy peace o'er me !

## THE PEOPLE TO THE POET.

Suggested by LONGFELLOW's beautiful "Prelude" to his "Voices  
of the Night."

Sing no more of mountains hoary,  
Where the snow for ever lies ;  
Tell us not of mighty forests  
Where the wild wind moans and sighs ;  
Picture not the shining river  
With its never ceasing song ;  
We are weary of the woodlands ;  
Sternier things to us belong.

'Tell us of the world's great forest,  
Thou can'st pierce its iron heart,  
'Thou can'st hear the spirit's whispers  
Through the din of street and mart :  
Black and foul sin's river runneth,  
Swallowing all of hope and love,  
Till some angel form emerges  
From the darkened heavens above.

Speeds upon its path of mercy,  
Pouring sunshine as it goes,  
Rousing careless ones to action,  
Healing life's most bitter woes ;  
But ere long dark deeds of anger  
Drive the holy guest away,  
And the gracious sunlight fadeth,  
Leaving us no cheering ray.

Let thy songs, oh ! prophet—poet !  
Soothe us in an hour like this ;  
Sing of hope, though earth seem hopeless,  
And deceit come with a kiss.  
Thou can'st touch all things with beauty :  
Lift aloud thy mighty voice,  
Shake the wide earth's farthest corners  
With a song that cries, Rejoice !

Let thine own soul's anguished sorrow,  
Thy temptation and thy fall,  
Teach thy lips His gentle language  
Whose dear love encircles all.  
Cheer the fainting, warn the erring,  
Tell the weary ones of rest ;  
Rest and happiness unbroken  
On the Saviour's loving breast !

A PRAYER.

Hear us oh ! Father ! in each time of sorrow,  
Help us to cling with trusting faith to Thee,  
Content with Thee to leave the dark to-morrow,  
Nor cloud the present hour with grief to be.

Darkness hath fallen on our pleasant places,  
The flowers have lost the radiant hues they wore,  
Ere on our spirits grief had left its traces,  
And crushed the hopes that will revive no more.



But, 'mid the thorns that mark our path of duty,  
One hope shall cheer us like the desert rose,  
For Thou hast flowers upon whose fadeless beauty,  
Our wearied eyes shall peacefully repose.

We know Thy loving hand will aid and guide us  
Through every evil that may cloud our way,  
Thy watchful angels ever are beside us,  
Teaching our hearts to bear, our lips to pray.

Leave us not Father! when our footsteps falter  
And turn aside from following after Thee,  
Oh! bring us back to thine eternal altar,  
Teach us that there our home and rest must be.

♦

## SONG.

Leave me awhile to sorrow,  
Heed not the smothered sigh,  
Ask not the source whence springeth  
The tear-drop to mine eye.  
Not even thy hand so gentle  
May touch the wound to night,  
Let me weep on in silence,  
Till breaks the morning light.

Sorrow is not eternal,  
God's love is ever nigh ;  
When storms have spent their fury  
The sunlight fills the sky ;  
And though my spirit trembles  
Too oft beneath the blast,  
While hearts with love are beating,  
Grief cannot always last.

## THE CHILDREN.

The children ! teach the children !  
O guard their early youth,  
Fling wide the gates of knowledge—  
The pearly gates of truth ;  
Too soon their frail young spirits  
Are stained with sin and care,  
O guide them to the fount whose streams  
Can keep them bright and fair.

The children ! spare the children ;  
And send them not to toil,  
Leave, leave their baby fingers  
Among the flowers awhile ;  
And let them weave bright garlands,  
That so in after years,  
Their memory shall bring happy smiles  
O'er faces pale with tears.

The children ! guide the children !

O *woman*, thine the task,

To watch their young souls opening,

And rend vile error's mask.

Then up, meek hearts—be doing !

And show them nought can turn

A woman's holy purpose

If she the truth discern.

## FLOWERS.

Bring me Flowers, to tell of beauty,  
For like them, 'tis born to fade ;  
Bring me flowers, to tell of gladness,  
For 'tis followed soon by shade.  
Flowers ! to speak of all that changes,  
Of the tears we poured above,  
Our young day-dreams as they faded,  
Oh ! but not to breathe of love.

For their frail and fading blossoms  
Would to me prophetic seem,  
That the vows with which they're offered  
Soon would vanish like a dream ;  
And my heart would sink with sadness,  
As I felt those flowers might be  
But an image of the future  
That awaits my love for thee.

Bring me flowers, as memory tokens

Of the sunny careless days,

When we wandered gay together

Life's yet glad "untrodden ways;"

When the violet was treasured

All her sister-flowers above,

Ah! the days were blest and happy

Ere we learnt to speak of love.

Bring me flowers, but not as emblems

Of a love that cannot fade ;

For they blossom but in sunshine,

They will wither in the shade.

Bring me flowers, oh, friend true-hearted !

But trust not their fleeting breath

With thy vows of love unchanging,

For they can but speak of death.

## ANTICIPATION.

Long, long have we been parted,  
And with weary fainting feet  
I've trod life's pathway, dreaming  
Of the hour when we might meet.  
In loneliness and sorrow,  
Months came and passed away,  
But all weariness hath vanished,  
I shall see thy face to-day !

All sorrow hath departed,  
Care to the winds I've flung ;  
I'm listening for the music,  
That dwells upon thy tongue ;  
Far off its tones are sounding  
Sweet as a syren's lay ;  
Gaily the hours are passing,  
I shall hear thy voice to-day !

A shadow hath hung o'er us,

But its cloud will soon depart,

And once more thou wilt whisper.

All the deep love of thine heart ;

Cold words are vainly spoken,

I heed not what they say ;

*Thou* art coming with the sunshine,

Thou wilt clasp my hand to-day !



## A PARTING SONG.

"We shall often speak of you."

M— P.—

Thanks for those gentle words, their tone will dwell,  
Like a sweet strain of music in my heart,  
And though my trembling lips must say "Farewell!"  
Yet with that memory will I never part.

Space cannot limit the electric chain  
That binds all human love, and though my feet  
Must seek with eager step their home again,  
In thought and prayer our spirits oft shall meet.

I had no spell whose magic power could make  
Within your hearts a dwelling place for me,  
Yet yearned to know that somewhat for my sake,  
Scenes we have trod would still remembered be.

Your names are linked with all things bright and fair,  
The sound of falling waters, flowers whose breath  
Flung a delicious languor on the air,  
And cheered with radiant hues this world of death.

And closer than all these my heart will keep,  
Dear memories of words whose strengthening power  
Will, like the wings of some calm angel, sweep  
Over my soul in sorrow's stormy hour.

I hear the voices of my home, and yearn  
For the loved faces that will greet me there,  
But often to your friendship shall I turn,  
As to a resting place from toil and care.

## IMPROMTU.

On Sunday Evening, April 5th, 1857, a fight took place close to ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BILSTON, and created so much disturbance, that for some minutes the voice of the preacher was completely drowned in the uproar.

Shame! shame to Christian England!

That sights and sounds like these,

Close to her holy temples,

Disturb her Sabbath eves,

Within the sacred building

The preacher's voice rose high,

But louder, fiercer, swelled above,

A maddened people's cry.

Within, were thanks and praises,  
 And mute lips hushed in awe  
 At scenes that dark Gethsemane,  
 And Calvary once saw ;  
 Without fierce blows and curses,  
 Fled up the listening skies,  
 And mercy's gracious angels,  
 Veiled close their weeping eyes.

O bitter shame to England !

Her teachers, and her taught,  
 That souls are left to wander,  
 Uncared for and unsought ;  
 That with her gospel freedom,  
 Her intellect and might,  
 • These outcasts of her people  
 Walk blindfold in the light.

Go out into the highways,  
And bring the wanderers in,  
God's mercy has no limit,  
It cleanseth every sin.  
Oh! speak the Saviour's language,  
Until each cursing tongue,  
Exchange those words of blasphemy,  
For Simeon's joyful song.

## THE OLD YEAR.

Alas! Old Year! how many joys  
Have thy dark seasons crushed,  
How hast thou woke love's yearning sighs,  
How much of gladness hushed.  
Last year there was no vacant chair  
Beside our household hearth ;  
There was no shadowy sign of care  
Upon our Christmas mirth.

But now, ah ! *now*, we decked the room  
With holly bright and red,  
We tried to banish all of gloom,  
And joyous words we said ;  
We hung the bough of mistletoe  
With laughter in the hall,  
And heeded not that tears would flow  
Between each merry call.

Most blessed is the household band,  
To whom thou hast not brought  
Dread tidings from that far-off land  
Where loved and lost ones fought.  
The Black Sea's crimsoned water's flow,  
O'er many a bright young head,  
And Alma's heights and plains below,  
With English blood are red.

Yet glorious are their graves, and though  
We weep our idols lost,  
We sent them not to meet the foe  
Ere we had weighed the cost.  
But from those graves, from each dark sod,  
Our sobbing prayers arise,  
"Constrain the anguished worlds, O God!"  
Let Peace light up the skies!

Long shall we speak with mournful pride  
Of thee, thou famed Old Year,  
When France and England side by side,  
Wielded the sword and spear.  
Go to thy grave—all glorious thou—  
Though dimmed with many a tear;  
The laurel wreath is round thy brow—  
Go to thy rest Old Year !

Dec. 31st, 1855.



## A FRAGMENT.

On hearing KIRKE WHITE's Name mentioned, during a walk in  
CLIFTON GROVE, NOTTINGHAM.

Oh ! for some spirit such as thine to share  
The thoughts engendered by a place so fair ;  
To pour its tide of eloquence and fire  
In praise of scenes made sacred by thy lyre ;  
Some gentle voice to speak in accents mild  
Of thee, the muse's long lamented child,  
To bid her votaries ponder long and well  
The price which all must pay who seek her spell ;  
For not more rugged is this dreadful steep,  
Down which was dragged into yon river deep  
Fair Clifton's maid, than is the path *they* tread,  
With throbbing pulse, sick heart, and weary head !

And such a path was thine—then should we weep  
For thee? O, no! for peaceful is thy sleep;  
We should rejoice to know thy spirit's free  
To join the angels' golden minstrelsy—  
To know earth's tumults trouble thee no more,  
Its envy, hatred, strife, alike are o'er;  
And if amid a world like *this* thy lyre  
Gave forth such holy, pure, celestial fire,  
What notes of triumph *now* must swell its tone,  
As, bowed before the Lamb's eternal throne,  
Thy poet-soul its wondering worship pours,  
And in each strain more fervently adores  
The love which called it from misfortune's blight,  
To share the glories of that home of light.

## THE TRENT.

Thou art the same thou lovely winding river,  
As when I looked upon thee long ago ;  
Bright as of old the sunbeams o'er thee quiver,  
And onward still thy waves rejoicing flow.

Change comes to all save thee ! the young glad  
creatures

Round us are leaving youth's enchanted land ;  
Sorrow has shaded some once joyous features,  
And crushed warm hearts beneath its iron hand.

But the world's law of change will oft bring gladness,  
And I, who stood beside thee years gone by,  
Mourning a faded hope with youth's fond sadness,  
Have learnt that sorrow hath its time to die.

And now I watch thy silver waters flowing,  
With heart that echoes back their cheerful song,  
And with deep thankfulness my soul is glowing,  
For the stern lesson, "suffer and be strong."

A MAIDEN'S FAREWELL TO HER  
EMIGRANT LOVER.

How shall I say farewell to thee,  
For thou wilt with thee take  
The gladness that has made the earth,  
An Eden for thy sake ?  
How shall I school my trembling lips  
That fatal word to speak ?  
How keep the quick tears from mine eye,  
The pallor from my cheek ?

The beauty of my English home,  
The joyous summer time,  
The breath of every scented flower,  
The seat beneath the lime,  
Will only speak to me of thee,  
And bring a deeper pain,  
A fear lest thou mayst never see  
Their loveliness again.

For I shall pine the long days through  
To hear thy low sweet tone,  
And yearn to feel my hand once more,  
Clasped fondly in thine own.  
But o'er the wide blue waters, Love,  
With swift, untiring wing,  
Shall hourly fly to thee, and oft  
A dream of gladness bring.

Then go, I question not thy truth,  
I ask of thee no vow ;  
I know that Time's relentless touch  
Will shadow cheek and brow :  
Will dim the brightly glancing eye,  
And blanch the waving hair,  
But cannot change thy steadfast soul,  
His hand is powerless there.

God guard thee, my beloved one !  
For thy dear sake I'll try  
To sometimes wear the happy smiles  
That gladdened days gone by ;  
But now, oh ! *now* in this dark hour,  
I have no words to tell  
The bitter anguish of my soul,  
I only say—farewell !

## GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

"Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door."

LONGFELLOW.

Thou thinkest it almost a sinful thing  
To dream that sometimes from the Spirit land,  
Hiding from us bright crown, and starry wing,  
Some loved and lost one may beside us stand.  
Whose holy presence calms our yearning grief,  
And we grow patient, feeling life is brief.

Thou deemest it a sickly woman-thought,  
Or fevered phantom of a poet's brain,  
Whose high imagination is o'erwrought,  
And like a lute unstrung, gives forth a strain  
Whose broken melody but serves to show,  
The power and strength that dwelt there long ago.

It may be so, but hast thou never known  
An influence whose mysterious power,  
Has held proud reason captive on her throne,  
And in the witchery of that brief hour,  
Hast thou not felt some spirit might be near,  
Whose office was to minister and cheer?

It may be as thou callest it—a dream,  
Yet we who are “ what dreams are made of ” cling  
To the sweet shadows that across life’s stream  
Lie lovingly,—we hear their voices ring  
Like silver chimes at midnight, this their song—  
“ Patience, weak heart ! the strife will end ere long.”



## HYMN,

For the consecration of a Cemetery.

Great Father ! from thy throne above  
Look on thy children here,  
And let the knowledge of thy love  
Dispel each anxious fear.

Comfort us when we bring our dead  
To rest among the flowers,  
Teach us that Thou their souls hast led  
To Heaven's eternal bowers.

Hear us, O God ! and on this spot  
We consecrate to Thee,  
Teach us to look and tremble not,  
When death's cold face we see.

Teach us to trust Thy love through all  
The change that marks our way,  
And let Thy gracious blessing fall,  
Upon our work to-day.

## TWO MARYS.

Two different forms bearing the same sweet name ;  
The one, a type of Saxon womanhood,  
With clear white brow, blue eyes, and golden hair,  
A gentle creature, one whose love will be  
Not loudly spoken, but once given shall prove  
A rock whereon the heart may safely lean.  
The other, daughter of the sunny South !  
The laughing god hath kissed her forehead brown,  
And left a liquid glory in her eyes  
Which lights her happy face with loveliness,  
May the same sunshine ever gild her path,  
And may the altar where her heart's pure fire  
Is laid, be worthy of the gift !

“TRUE HEARTS ARE THE GEMS OF  
EARTH.”

Oh ! bright are your glittering jewels,  
And fair looks the shining gold  
When clasped round the arm of beauty,  
Or half hid in her dark hair's fold.  
Let pearls on the white neck glisten,  
When the hall is decked for mirth ;  
There are smiles whose light is purer,—  
“ True hearts are the gems of earth ! ”

The diamond's rays are flashing  
On a youthful bride's fair brow,  
Yet before the holy altar  
She shrinks from her heartless vow,  
She dreams of one who is toiling  
Far from the land of his birth,  
Of his last fond words at parting—  
“ True hearts are the gems of earth ! ”

Yes ! crown with a sparkling circlet

The brows of the young and fair,

But brighter than all your jewels

Are the sunny smiles they wear.

One tear from the eye of beauty

Is a gem of greater worth,

Than India's mines can furnish,—

“ True hearts are the gems of earth ! ”

## WHITE MOSS-ROSES.

"An offering of White Moss-Roses betokens early death to the beloved."

Bring me thy white moss-roses, let the spell  
Each folded leaf doth bear be round me thrown ;  
To me the message that I may but dwell  
Few years on earth, hath music in its tone.

I ask not whence the mournful fancy came ;—  
Perchance amid some young bride's shining hair  
These snow white contrasts to her cheek of flame,  
Were twined with loving words and earnest prayer,

It may be when the roses bloomed again  
The human flower had faded from their sight ;  
And they who wreathed them gazed in shuddering pain  
On what recalled the beauty and the blight.

I heed not whence it came, thy flowers I take,  
Loving them more for this mysterious spell,  
Pale prophets ! you are welcome for the sake  
Of the calm destiny your leaves foretell.

Oh ! not for those who leave the world in youth,  
Should sighs be breathed, or tears of anguish shed ;  
Taken from earth's cold creeds and dark untruth,  
Thank God ! bless God ! for these your happy dead !

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The Christmas bells are ringing  
Loud through the frosty air,  
Once more those sounds are bringing  
Freedom from toil and care ;  
Freedom, to gather round us  
The loved ones from afar,  
Freedom, from all that bound us  
Ere rose our Eastern Star.

Hark to each merry greeting !  
There's joy in every place ;  
Long parted friends are meeting  
Once more in love's embrace :  
The young heart's laugh rings loudly,  
The old man's smile is gay ;  
And the mother gazes proudly  
On each fair child to-day.

Listen ! the loud notes pealing,  
    Speak with a mighty tongue ;  
The old church tower seems reeling  
    Beneath their joyous song ;  
And now the sounds are dying,  
    Like dim faint dreams away,  
Now, like an angel crying,  
    “ Earth is redeemed to-day ! ”

They ring through every city,  
    Through town and hamlet small,  
The sweet bells preach of pity,—  
    Of Him who died for all.  
Oh ! listen to their warning,  
    Bid thoughts of hatred cease,  
And let the Christmas morning,  
    Bring nought but love and peace.



## AN APPEAL.

Look me in the face my brother !

Put away this cold distrust,

Soon the bosom of our mother

Earth will claim our mingling dust,

Why not take the hand I offer ?

'Tis a friendly one and true ;

Little love the world will proffer,

Take then what I bring to you.

Stretch your hand out, (not a finger,)

With a free and hearty clasp ;

Let your soul no longer linger,

Bound in unbelief's cold grasp.

Trust each other ! you'll be stronger,

Love and Faith have ne'er despaired,

And memory of joy lasts longer

When it is with others shared.

Look me in the face, my brother !

Meet my glance with fearless eyes,

Let us try to help each other,

While our path together lies.

Weary hearts are sadly sighing,

'Neath the iron hand of care,

Hear you not the children crying,

Save them by your love and prayer.

Save them ! but ere they may hear you,

Lay your cold distrust aside ;

Doubt them—they will hate and fear you,

· Love them, you may be their guide.

You may cheer those hearts of sorrow,

Bid them trust Hope's gladdening ray,

Tell them that a bright to-morrow.

May redeem the dark to-day.

Passion tossed they sink unheeded,  
    'Neath the waves of sin and shame,  
Loving deeds and words are needed,  
    Ere these lost ones we reclaim.  
Join us ! help us ! oh, my brother !  
    Look upon these fainting forms,  
Each too weak to aid the other,  
    Shelterless amid life's storms.

## A FRAGMENT.

I cannot, oh ! I cannot give thee up,  
Sweet Poesy ! thy cup is charmed, and they  
Whose lips but touch the brim, lose in that touch  
All power to leave thee, though the will were theirs.  
For the dread peril which men say lurks round  
A child of song, doth not belong to thee,  
My gentle harp ! but rather hath its birth  
In thoughts to which thou givest language meet :  
I cannot, oh ! I cannot give thee up !  
As well ye might command a new-made bride  
To tear her husband's image from her heart,  
Or bid a young, fond mother to keep back  
The gushing love she pours upon her babe,  
As tell a minstrel to forsake his lyre !

## DREAM-LOVE.

We meet, but not as in the worldly crowd,  
Where lips must smile whate'er the breast may feel,  
Where careless words, and laughter long and loud,  
Must hide the thoughts that o'er the spirit steal.

We meet in dreams ; and in that fair sweet land,  
No coldness or distrust doth ever come,  
Fearless I meet thy glance and clasp thy hand,  
And find within thine arms my heart's true home.

Firm is my trust in thee, I know that deep  
Within thy soul thou hidest thoughts of me ;  
One word of thine my bosom well doth keep,  
To light its dreams with bright reality.

Earth were too dear a dwelling place if thou  
And I could tread its pathways side by side,  
But though I may not claim thy waking vow,  
In heart and soul I am not less thy bride.

Space, time, and fate have over us no power,  
Thy memory of me shall be as fair,  
As radiant in life's last closing hour,  
As when youth's roses bound my golden hair.

The world may deem my heart a dreary shrine  
Where cypress branches wave above the flowers,  
They know not that my soul is linked to thine,  
And that I dwell in dream-land's happy bowers.

## SONNET.

Alone—and yet not lonely, though no heart  
With gentle sympathy doth meet mine own ;  
Though when in solitude the quick tears start,  
No loving voice may soothe me with its tone ;  
Though when with trembling and uncertain tread,  
I pause upon the path before me spread,  
And vainly ask a strong, wise hand to guide  
In peace and safety o'er the world's dark tide :  
Though these may be denied,—the wealth of love  
That gushes through my soul in boundless flow,  
Can for itself create a star, above  
All others dear and high, and nought of woe  
No change, or grief, can dim its radiance bright,  
No clouds obscure the still calm glory of its light.

## FORGIVENESS.

"Remember, I forgive thee!"

T. H. BAYLEY.

Remember this in after years,  
When hope and youth are fading,  
When densely gathering thunder clouds  
Thy sky of life are shading.  
Remember all I would have borne,  
Ere thought of mine should grieve thee,  
And in thine hour of deepest woe,  
Remember, I forgive thee!

The shadow thrown across my life  
By thee, has slowly vanished,  
And thoughts that once were all thine own,  
By pride are sternly banished ;  
For thou I deemed so true and just,  
In scorn and doubt couldst leave me ;  
Yet though I thus recall that hour,  
Remember, I forgive thee !



Forget my wild accusing words  
When thou and I last parted ;  
The passion flush hath passed away  
And left me stronger hearted.  
Thy presence would not move me now,  
Thy absence doth not grieve me,  
The very memory of thy vow  
Is passing—I forgive thee !

Go ! glitter in your halls of pride,  
Beauty's all powerful queen,  
Bid faithful memory forget  
That there I too have been.  
But when thy woman's heart is faint,  
When false, cold friends shall leave thee,  
Recall my last—my farewell words,  
I bless thee, and forgive thee !

•

WE MAY RETURN NO MORE.

The opening years of life are spent in dreaming  
Of all the fancied glories of that scene,  
Where manhood walks erect with fearless seeming,  
The paths where childish steps have never been.  
Yet when those paths are gained through toil and  
sadness,  
How fondly do we turn our backward gaze,  
Upon the Pisgah to whose heights of gladness  
Climbed with such eagerness in childhood's days,  
We may return no more !

In youth too lavishly we give warm feelings,  
And love that gushes from the heart's deep well,  
And in the loved one's eyes read sweet revealings  
Of answering faith to more than words may tell ;  
A little while, those eyes may meet us scorning  
The precious gift we poured so freely forth,  
And to that Eden of our life's bright morning,  
The greenest spot upon the wide green earth,  
We may return no more !

In riper years allured by gleams of brightness,  
We wander dreaming of some distant spot,  
Where the worn heart shall throb with joyous  
lightness,  
And fairest flowers shall bloom to bless our lot ;  
But when we reach with years of anxious toiling,  
The land whose blossoms looked so freshly bright,  
Sorrow and sin their glorious hues are soiling,  
Gone is their beauty from our aching sight,  
Gone, to return no more !

'Tis ever thus! all lovely things must perish,  
The earth can give no treasure that will last,  
Dreams—flowers, the friends our yearning bosoms  
cherish,

Will change or die beneath some bitter blast.  
Oh! it were well to guard our hearts from clinging  
Too much to things that thus must fade and die,  
For ever in our souls a voice is ringing,  
Calling our spirits to their home on high,  
*Home*, to return no more!

## POETRY UNDYING.

"The age of Poetry is past at Thirty."

Oh, say not so, for poetry  
Is all that makes life fair,  
Its presence deepens all our joys,  
And brightens every care.

It cannot be a few short years  
Such utter change can bring,  
That I must then forget my dreams,  
And fold my spirit's wing.

It cannot be that this warm heart,  
Which soars so wildly now,  
Must sink in dull, cold apathy,  
When youth has left my brow.

Ah, no ! the sunny hopes and dreams  
That flood my spirit o'er,  
I shall bear with me till I tread  
That bright eternal shore—

Where all is holiness and love,  
Where poesy's deep songs  
Are wafted round the echoing space  
By countless angel-tongues.

## TO A CLOUD.

Stay, bright cloud ! a moment longer,  
On thy beauty let me gaze,  
Tell me whither thou art going,  
Bearer of the sun's last rays.

Tell me whether thou canst look through  
Yon blue sky above thee spread ;  
Tell me dost thou hold communion  
With our loved and holy dead ?

Tell me canst thou hear the music  
Of that world for which we long ;  
If thou canst, oh ! on my spirit  
Pour one bright-winged seraph's song.

Vain, these questions, on thou ridest  
In thy pure and spotless shroud ;  
And I long, I long to follow  
Thy sweet path, O sunset cloud !

## A DREAMER'S CONFESSION.

—— I had lived

Alone in all things dearest to my soul ;  
Friends kind and true were round my path, but they  
Who oft my mournful dreaming gaze reproved  
Heard not the solemn voice which to me spoke  
Through all things, and struck terror to my heart—  
The glorious noon, the sunset's golden hour,  
The starry sky of night, breathed silently  
A language, beautiful, but oh ! too deep !  
I could not grasp its meaning, and my heart  
With wild emotion throbbed, whene'er I heard  
That thrilling sound of perfect harmony.



Across my path there came one sent to shine,  
A star, amid the darkness of my world.  
He was so calm, so pure, and when he spoke  
His words were echoes of my secret thoughts :  
I asked not—cared not why—but yet I dwelt  
Upon his smile and felt when he was near  
No care could touch my breast, and when he left  
His quiet tones made music in my heart  
For hours, and unknown gladness tinged my thoughts  
With hope's bright hues ; but in the midst a voice  
Thus spake unto my soul—

“ Thy girlhood's dream

Has been thus far a holy cynosure  
To keep thy mind from evil, but a love  
There is, whose breadth and depth no tongue can tell,  
Whose passionate emotion has made wreck  
Of many sterner, stronger souls than thine.  
Such love poured *here* will be a wasted stream,  
But be thou meek and garrisoned with prayer,  
And though the storm may shake, it shall not crush !”

\* \* \* \* \*

It passed. I dared not nurse the dangerous guest,  
But laid my trembling heart before His throne,  
Whose name is Love, in earnest tearful hope,  
That He would "guide me into perfect peace,"  
My faith was weak, but He who heard was strong,  
And that sweet girlish dream is thus become  
A thing to speak of with deep thankfulness.  
And now oh ! Saviour ! keep me to thyself ;  
Or if my bosom must again be touched  
With passion, be Thou near to aid and guide,  
Teach me to love all beauty, but oh ! save  
This dreaming spirit from idolatry !

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER  
EMIGRANT DAUGHTER.

Farewell ! farewell ! my treasured one,  
My youngest-born farewell !  
I cannot speak the yearning thoughts  
That now my bosom swell.  
I cannot tell thee half my love,  
My precious one for thee ;  
Henceforth thy mother's heart will dream  
Of nothing save the sea.

Strange visions came to me last night,  
Thy whole life seemed to pass  
Before my eyes in one short hour  
Through sleep's mysterious glass.  
I thought I held thee in my arms,  
A tiny babe once more,  
And marked with pride each infant grace,  
Thy happy features wore.

That vision passed and girlhood's flush,

Was on thy changing cheek,

Its bashful light was in thine eyes,

So fawn-like and so meek.

Another aspect quickly came,

I saw thee next a wife,

A fond brave hand, and heart were thine,

To cherish thee through life,

I blessed thee with a quivering lip,

And faltering speech, my child,

But though bright tears were in thine eyes,

Love's angel through them smiled.

Then with a start I woke to know,

That ere the morning's dawn,

These aged eyes must look their last

On thee, my youngest-born !

And now 'tis here this dreaded hour  
Of agony and woe,  
I cannot send thee from my side,  
I cannot let thee go!  
Such words are vain, thou must depart,  
But sorrow not for me,  
For thou wilt take thy mother's heart,  
Across the pathless sea.

Yes ! though the waves their mountains roll  
Between our severed forms,  
My spirit shall around thee watch,  
In sunshine and in storms.  
No space can part thee from my love,  
No time destroy its power,  
It is a spell whose mighty strength  
Shall bless thy every hour.

## SONNET.

"And as I date it still our love arose  
'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose."

MRS. BUTLER.

Not so did ours dear friend, no blooming flowers  
Grew in the crowded street where first we met,  
No glowing buds with love's bright jewels set  
Were brought by us to consecrate those hours;  
And never shall my hand such offering make,  
Bidding their fading fragrance speak of aught  
Save joy and beauty for their own sweet sake,  
I would not trust to such frail things one thought  
Of love; they can but tell of change and death,  
Therefore do I rejoice to know our love  
Was fanned not by a rose's fleeting breath,  
But with high thoughts that did my spirit move  
To cling to thine—by song my heart was won,  
For that I worship, thou too lov'st to dwell upon.

## IS SHE HAPPY?

Oh ! no ! the changeful light that dwells  
In those dark earnest eyes,  
Tells that all silently within,  
Some hidden trouble lies.

Some grief too great for words hath made  
That gentle heart its shrine,  
And not for her may Love or Hope,  
Another garland twine.

Sorrow is written on her face ;  
Though smiles are sometimes there,  
They only veil from careless eyes,  
The load her soul must bear.

And ne'er may mortal's daring hand,  
That sacred curtain raise,  
And ne'er in human ear be breathed  
That tale of early days.

Oh ! ask it not, but round her path,  
Strew friendship's fairest flowers,  
Their fragrant breath perchance may bless  
And cheer her future hours.



## THE TEMPTATION.

Say what shall I offer thee, daughter of song,  
To part with the lyre thou hast worshipped so long?  
I'll give thee a place 'mid the nobles of earth,  
A home in the palace : all honors of birth,  
Of rank, and distinction, together I'll twine  
If thou wilt but forsake those frail harp-strings of  
thine.

" I ask not a home in the halls of the great,  
I care not for splendour, I envy no state,  
What hall is so lofty, so wide as the sky?  
What splendour can equal the rose's rich dye?  
Fair nature spreads open her book to my sight,  
And none thou canst show me hath pictures so bright,  
Oh! vainly you tempt me my harp to forsake,  
It gladdens a heart that without it would break!"

If rank will not move thee, what say'st thou to gold ?  
'Twill bring thee more pleasures than e'er can be told,  
For gold can relieve the worst evils of earth,  
Bring hope to the hopeless, for sorrow give mirth,  
Think—think of the homes that its presence would  
cheer,

And surely thy harp thou wilt yield without fear.

“ Oh ! tempt me not thus, for the highest of joy,  
Is bringing a smile to the mourner's dim eye,  
But gold has its limits, it cannot impart,  
One shadow of bliss to the desolate heart,  
And yet the wild lay of the minstrel may win  
An entrance to souls where all shattered within,  
The wrecks of affection lie buried in sleep,  
And eyes that once wept them no longer can weep,  
Till touched by some chord of the poet's sweet lyre,  
That wakes them to life and rekindles their fire.  
Then vainly you tempt me that harp to forsake,  
It gladdens a heart that without it would break !”

Thou scornest my offers of rank and of wealth,  
Once more, I will promise thee beauty and health,  
That pale cheek of thine with a radiance shall glow,  
As fair as a rose leaf on new fallen snow;  
Thine eyes shall exchange for that sad dreaming gaze,  
A sparkle as bright as the diamond's rays,  
Oh! question thy heart, is some worshipped one  
there?

Bethink thee, for beauty can win without care,  
When years of devotion and genius have failed,  
For beauty, bright beauty! is everywhere hailed!

“Away! with thy tempting, for beauty would bring  
A love like itself, a frail perishing thing,  
Its warmth would depart when the cheek once so  
bright,  
The eyes once so sparkling had lost all their light,  
Away! for though beauty on me may not shine,  
True spirits I know beat responsive to mine.

Not often we meet in this sad world of care,  
'To strengthen each other with counsel or prayer,'  
But the heart that is true to its own loving power  
Shall never be lonely in life's darkest hour,  
For the river of love grows more open and wide,  
As we near the bright home where it runs in full tide,  
And the light lay of mirth or the deep note of woe,  
Will shorten the pathway as onward we go ;  
Then vainly you tempt me that harp to forsake,  
It gladdens a heart that without it would break !"

## A FAREWELL.

Farewell then, since it must be so,  
No selfish grief of mine,  
Shall bid thee stay or wring one sigh,  
From that warm heart of thine.  
Nor will I wrong thee by a prayer  
To sometimes think of me,  
For well I know by thee my name  
Will ne'er forgotten be.

Gloom is around our weary paths,  
"Darkness that may be felt,"  
Is folding o'er the hearts where once  
Such Summer radiance dwelt.  
The "silver lining" is not seen,  
And Hope with broken wing,  
Now vainly strives to pierce the clouds  
So densely gathering.

But one bright star with holy ray  
Still shines upon our night,  
No grief its lustre e'er can dim  
No clouds obscure its light ;  
Faith in each other, yes ! beloved !  
Howe'er the storm may end,  
With firm unwavering love I'll cling  
To thee mine own true friend.

## LOVE.

"For Love is such a mystic spell, 'tis easy won and lost."

C. R.

Not so, not so, love may be lightly won,  
But not so lightly can it pass away ;  
The flower that blooms beneath the summer sun,  
Droops if a cloud obscure that sun's warm ray.

Love is the sun that cheers the human breast,  
And if a doubt arise to dim its light,  
Vainly the tortured bosom seeks for rest,  
The gloom within turns morning into night.

Sadly and mournfully the hours glide by,  
Leaving no pleasant thought, no hope behind,  
They come with smiles but leave us with a sigh,  
Mourning the spirit weariness they find.

Then say not Love is lightly won and lost,  
But ask the stricken heart from whence 'tis fled,  
When on the ocean of despair 'tis tost,  
Ask if the last cold words were *easy* said.



## STANZAS.

" Shall the past bring its smiles and its tears  
Or the future its hopes and its fears?"

Oh ! not the past, love ! not the past,  
Its smiles were all too bright,  
The radiant dreams my childhood knew  
Have long since set in night.  
Their memory brings no pleasant thought,  
No feeling save regret ;  
Then speak not of those sunny hours—  
I would the past forget !

Oh ! not the past, love ! not the past,  
For vainly gushing tears  
Have left dark records on the page  
Of girlhood's opening years ;  
But tears like those so wildly wept,  
No more my cheek shall wet,  
My soul hath gathered strength, and now  
I would the past forget !

The Future! yes! be that thy theme;

For hope and joy have spread

Their angel wings above the path,

My feet must henceforth tread.

On—onward still, my spirit cries,

And nought may stay its flight

While it can hear those whispered words,

“The future shall be bright!”

The Future! tell me of its fears,

They bring no terror now,

Though cares and trials dark may leave

Their impress on my brow;

My spirit shall above them soar,

Inspired by Faith's pure light,

The Future hath no fears for me,

Its star shines clear and bright!

## TRUTH ON EARTH.

No truth on earth! heed not the cruel words,  
Though now they sound like Hope's funereal knell,  
Ere long their memory shall awake the chords,  
Whose sweetness will thy life with music swell.

No truth on earth! fling back the bitter lie!  
And tell them while the outward world is fair,  
While beauty crowns the land and lights the sky,  
Man's heart shall worship truth with sacred care.

Though clouds of evil gather o'er thy way,  
And thou alone life's thorny path must tread,  
Foes may deride and trusted friends betray,  
Yet shall true spirits gladness round thee shed.

And if the bitter word, the poisoned look,  
May cast a shadow o'er thy heart and fame,  
Ev'n though thy pride the torture ill may brook,  
Heed not their hate, nor tremble at their blame.

Though some whom thou hast welcomed to thy side,  
As dear companions in the onward way,  
May when adversity their love has tried,  
Leave thee to loneliness and grief a prey.

Though sorrows such as these may wring thy heart,  
And well nigh madden with their fearful pain,  
Look up to Him whose love will strength impart,  
And thou shalt know youth's trusting faith again.

For if thine own weak spirit doth keep still,  
Strong and untainted in its inmost cell,  
Faith in thy kindred, nought on earth shall chill  
The fervour of thy dreams, or break their spell.

And thou shalt find ere long amidst thy woe,  
That true hearts yet are living on the earth,  
That they have loved thee though thou might'st not  
know,  
How strong that love could be till sorrow's birth.

## TO GEORGIANA BENNET.

I have no music that with wondrous power  
May soothe the sadness of life's wintry hour ;  
I have no spell whose witchery may fling  
A glory o'er the simple lays I sing ;  
No costly gem my offering may be,  
Nought can I bring, save love, dear friend to thee.

I may not clasp thy hand when sorrow's chain  
Hath laid its iron fetters on thy brain ;  
I may not meet with answering look, thine eye,  
When careless tongues have wakened memory's  
sigh—

Oh ! little power have I to cheer thy way,  
I can but love thee, think of thee, and pray.

But thou hast left upon my life's deep stream  
A kindling glory, like the morn's first beam  
That floods with radiance some gloomy lake,  
And bids it into life and beauty wake :  
So thou hast touched the waters of my soul,  
That now their waves with ceaseless rapture roll.

Oh ! many are the friends whose love and truth  
Have cheered and blessed through all my wayward  
youth,  
Many who lent a sympathising ear  
To all my joys, to every hope and fear,  
Save *one* deep fervent thought that in my breast  
Still stronger grew the more it was repress.

Yes ! though my trembling lip but seldom breathed  
A whisper of the glowing hopes, that wreathed  
Their fragrant blossoms round my lonely way,  
And though I inly mourned, my spirit's ray  
No light could kindle on the altar where  
'Twas fondly laid—it still burnt secret there.

But thou with quick instinctive glance couldst see  
The struggling soul that panted to be free,  
The drooping mind that yearned for higher things,  
Yet vainly strove to spread its feeble wings,  
Till words of thine aroused its slumbering powers  
And bade it waste no more life's morning hours.

And though the shadows deepen round my way,  
Though cares and trials hold their torturing sway,  
Though much of sorrow may be mine to bear,  
To win thy smile "my soul can do and dare."  
No dearer wish, no prouder glory mine  
Than that my love may be more worthy thine.



## SONG.

## THE SUNSHINE WILL RETURN.

Set to Music by G. LINLEY, Esq.

The light of hope once more is shining  
    Around our weary way,  
And through the clouds the "silver lining"  
    Bespeaks returning day.  
The night of sorrow may be cheerless,  
    And faith but dimly burn,  
But oh ! look up ! be firm and fearless,  
    The sunshine will return !

The dreams of youth so fondly cherished  
    Will one by one depart ;  
Yet weep not o'er the bright things perished,  
    New hopes will fill the heart.  
And though our eyes, grown dim with weeping,  
    The light may not discern,  
Still o'er the skies the dawn is creeping—  
    The sunshine will return !

## THE LAST FAREWELL.

"But you first called my woman's feelings forth,

"And taught me love ere I had dreamed love's name."

L. E. L.

Farewell! no after-song of mine  
Shall breathe thy faithless name,  
Though yet, oh! yet, it rankles deep  
Within my burning brain.  
I wish I could forget that I  
Had ever seen thy face!  
I would that of thy fickle love  
My memory held no trace!

It cannot be! thou wast the first  
(Save the dear household band)  
Who clasped with more than common warmth  
My trembling, passive hand.  
Thy words to others might seem cold,  
But oh! to me they bore  
A deep, fond meaning, that soon pierced  
My spirit's inmost core.

I did not give an unsought love  
For every look and tone  
Proclaimed, with love's own eloquence,  
Thy heart was all mine own.  
Yes ! it was mine, and though I know  
Thy love has faded now,  
I was loved *once*, albeit thy lip  
Ne'er breathed a lover's vow.

And in my new-born happiness  
I asked not—cared not—why  
Such was withheld, it was enough  
To meet thy beaming eye.  
It was enough to hear thee say  
That, 'mid the young and gay  
Kind thoughts of me would often come,  
To cheer thy onward way.

It was enough to see thy smile  
Brighten when I came near,  
To hear thee praise, in low, sweet tones,  
All that my heart held dear.  
Oh ! with such gentle cares as these,  
Thus lavished on my youth,  
Was it a marvel that I loved  
With woman's fervent truth ?

Was it a marvel that my cheek  
Grew crimson at thy name,  
Or that mine eye should speak the word  
My lip could never frame ?  
And thou couldst call such feelings forth,  
Then coldly turn away,  
"As if it were some worthless toy—  
The pastime of a day !"

---

And leave in utter loneliness,  
And wretchedness to dwell  
The one so fondly sought, until  
She loved thee—but too well.  
But though thou mayst neglect and spurn,  
I can return thy scorn  
And in thy soul my memory yet  
Shall fester like a thorn.

Yes! when in after-years thy heart  
Shall faint and weary be,  
As gall and wormwood to the taste  
Shall be thy thoughts of me.  
Farewell! farewell! my lip and brow  
Have learnt their lesson well,  
Though, at what cost and agony,  
Words have no power to tell!

TRUST AGAIN.

Trust again ! though Love and Friendship  
False and fickle thou hast found ;  
Though dark envy may have severed  
Souls that once were closely bound.

Though the voice whose sweet assurance  
Once could bid all care depart,  
Fall in accents strangely altered,  
Like a death knell on the heart.

Though the eyes whose tender gazing  
Filled thy gentle breast with joy,  
Flash with looks of scorn and anger,  
Or in coldness pass thee by.

Trust again ! some souls are faithful—  
Heed thou not their cruel creed,  
Who would teach if one prove heartless  
None can do a kindly deed.

Trust again ! and Love's pure angel  
Shall with olive leaf return,  
Friendship's lamp illumine the darkness,  
And in sorrow brightest burn.

## SONG.

My love is all too pure and holy  
To let the world its fondness see ;  
Though silent oft, I am not lonely,  
My heart is filled with thoughts of thee !

Yet in the crowd those thoughts concealing,  
My laugh they say rings light and free,  
'Tis but a mask for deeper feeling,  
My heart is filled with thoughts of thee !

Should sorrow's cloud burst unrelenting  
O'er thy dear head, I still shall be  
Firm through the storm, in faith still trusting  
All, all my earthly hopes to thee !

And though the cold world scorn these breathings,  
Though it deride and censure me,  
I still shall have my own sweet dreamings—  
My heart will still be true to thee !



## STANZAS.

We parted—not as we were wont,  
With kind and gentle words,  
For anger's fierce discordant hand  
Had swept our bosoms' chords !  
And yet we loved—how faithfully  
Let hours of anguish tell ;  
Let sleepless nights say on what theme  
Did sorrowing memory dwell.

She whispered o'er and o'er each word  
Of scorn thy lips had breathed,  
And wept the days when those same lips  
In smiles alone were wreathed.  
And then, in stern upbraiding tone,  
She bade me call the pride  
Which nerved me through the bitter scene,  
My aching heart to hide.

My early friend ! my treasured one !

By all the love you bore

Through childhood's sunny, careless days,

Come back to me once more !

Come back ! and let the buried past

For ever be forgot,

Or teach these white and trembling lips

To say—" I love thee not !"

## SONG:

I'm weary ! I'm weary ! oh ! bear me away  
From the sound of this music and laughter so gay,  
One lay of my childhood, one kind word from thee,  
Were sweeter than songs of the syrens to me.

I'm weary ! I'm weary ! oh ! ask me no more,  
To join in the dance and the song as of yore,  
My heart-strings are loosening their hold on the world,  
And the banner of pleasure for me is now furled.

I'm weary ! I'm weary ! and vainly ye pour  
The sweet incense of praise till the full cup runs o'er,  
I would give all its glory, its honor and power  
For vows of affection, young dreams in love's bower.

I'm weary ! I'm weary ! and only one prayer  
Rises up from the heart that is crushed by despair,  
Let me gaze on the home of my childhood once more,  
And death will be welcome, its bitterness o'er.

THE REJECTION.

I never heard a word from thee  
A brother might not speak,  
And looks and tones of thine ne'er brought,  
The colour to my cheek.

I mingled in the dance with thee,  
With free and fearless heart,  
Nor deemed my presence had the power  
Such gladness to impart.

And though we spent life's morning hours  
In happiness and glee,  
Yet in my dreams of future years,  
There came no thought of thee.

Thy bosom is a peaceful shrine  
Where quiet ever dwells,  
Thou couldst not share the wild sweet dreams,  
That fill my spirit's cells.

A love like mine whose passion storm  
My very soul would shake,  
Must seek for one whose heart could pour  
Such love as it would wake.

Then leave me not with angry tone,  
I never thought of thee,  
Save with a sister's gentle love,  
And that still thine shall be.

## THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

On! on! repeat the battle cry,  
Unfurl the war-flag wide,  
For Liberty, and Italy,  
We'll pour the crimson tide!

God and the people! let that cry  
Re-echo through the land,  
Arm, brothers arm! fear not, we soon  
Shall burst the tyrant's band.

Shall we behold unmoved, unstirred,  
Italia's groans and tears?  
On, to the fight! this is no hour,  
To yield to coward fears.

God and our Country ! in our souls,  
And on our lips that cry,  
Shall like a clarion's ringing voice,  
Fill all the earth and sky.

Let the words fly from tongue to tongue,  
" An Italy shall be "  
Italian hearts will only yield  
To death or victory !

## TO KATE.

I would my love could guard thy life  
And o'er thy onward way,  
Keep with undimmed, unfading light,  
The brightness of to-day.  
I'd shield thy heart from every grief,  
Thy brow from every care ;  
And with fair flowers, and sparkling gems,  
I'd crown thy sunny hair.

These are vain words, for flower and gem,  
Thy bright hair needeth not ;  
And if some passing clouds must shade  
With gloom thy future lot,  
They will but serve to make more clear  
The sky when they depart,  
And one bright star will ever shine  
To cheer thy drooping heart.



For in thy saddest, darkest hour,  
    This thought shall strengthen thee,  
That one true heart will love thee well,  
    Whate'er thy lot may be,  
That from thy sister's soul no power  
    Can bid thy form depart,  
God bless thee ! guide, and keep unchanged,  
    Thy pure and trusting heart !

## A LITTLE REST.

"Pray that I may have a little peace,  
Some green and flowery spot 'mid which my thoughts may rest."

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

A little rest! oh! pray that I may have  
A space wherein my weary heart,  
May find the sweet repose it sorely needs,  
And bid these longings all depart.

Oh! let it be so perfect that no thought  
May on its quietness intrude,  
No mocking dreams, no aching thirst for fame,  
Should break upon that holy mood.

A little rest! a shower of love! oh! pray  
The gracious season may be sent,  
To fill the fount, whose fragrant waters long  
Their gushing floods of joy have spent.

A little rest! alas! it may not be,  
The dove of peace hath long since flown,  
The rose of love lies withered at my feet,  
My buds of promise all are blown.

Yet still that prayer keeps rising in my heart,  
And still my lips those words repeat,  
Oh! death, thy hand alone can give me rest,  
And stay this wild heart's fevered beat!

## PEACE,

"Some quite external event raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so, Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

EMERSON.

Peace from myself! alas! how long—how long  
Have I in patient never wearying hope  
Stood watching for that white-robed angel guest!  
I've sought her in all places, 'mid all scenes,  
In crowded halls, and in the busy streets,  
In nature's deepest, holiest solitudes:—  
Yet even when her wing seemed hovering o'er  
All outward things, and I could almost deem  
I heard the echo of her happy feet  
I could not conquer passions stormy power!

I sought her in the smiles of gentle friends,  
And for awhile believed her home was there,  
But soon, too soon, I found they could not give  
Such deep impassioned love as I poured forth :  
Their colder spirits checked my bosom's glow,  
Even as the ocean rock sends back the wave  
Broken and foaming to its place of birth.  
My soul grew faint with hope deferred, yet still  
Sought vainly for the Peace it pined to know.

Peace from myself ! yes ! it may yet be mine,  
For Truth and Faith my guiding stars shall be,  
And though the path be rugged, 'neath their light  
The blessed guerdon shall at last be won !  
Then onward—onward still, and soon above  
The dark chaotic ruins of my youth,  
A stately temple tall and fair shall rise,  
Within whose heaven-lit dome sweet peace shall find  
Meet resting places for her snow-white feet !

## TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Think of me there, dear friend, and though our  
meeting

Be not beside the everlasting sea,  
Yet when the wave's wild melodies are greeting  
Thy listening ear, our souls shall mingle free.

Space hath no power to chain our spirit's voices,  
And though I tread not where thy footsteps roam,  
Yet in thy happiness my heart rejoices,  
And springs to greet thee from its quiet home.

And to thy letters full of hope and gladness,  
I fondly turn and read them o'er and o'er,  
And if a sigh be heard 'tis not of sadness,  
But love that asks to see thy face once more.

Asks with beseeching tone and look imploring,  
To feel once more the clasp of thy dear hand,  
To read the love that from thine eye is pouring,  
And link thee closer in affection's band.

When music with her sad sweet voice is wailing,  
And rules my bosom with despotic sway,  
My heart beats faster and my cheek is paling,  
While stranger's sing some well-remembered lay.

Memories of happy hours are round me thronging,  
Hours made by friendship, flowers, and music dear,  
And earnestly my anxious heart is longing,  
Thy smile to meet, thy voice again to hear.

Thou wilt come back still true and earnest hearted,  
And we shall meet with nought our joy to shade,  
For with a love grown stronger since we parted  
No doubt or fear shall make our souls afraid.

## STANZAS

Written for the EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS, held in BILSTON,  
July, 1857.

No dazzling splendour here may meet your gaze,  
No "Crystal Palace," and no garden bowers,  
No mazy courts, where Summer's gleaming rays  
Through painted windows watch the fleeting hours.

Yet scorn not thou the things of meaner worth,  
The stars are worshipped when no moon is near,  
And so the glory Summer gives the earth,  
The painter's hand has pictured for you here.



Thus toil worn men whose earnest thought perchance,  
Needs only an awakening touch, shall see,  
"Labour is worship," and some magic glance  
May rouse a Watt's or Newton's energy.

And all may gather patience, hope, and love  
Making a sunny memory of this day,  
That as along life's different paths we move,  
Shall oft shed gladness round a darkened way.

## THOSE FEW KIND WORDS FROM THEE.

Oh ! little didst thou dream how much

Thy smile was worth to me,

Or how my bosom thrilled to hear

Those few kind words from thee.

My pale cheek wore no added flush,

My lip no honied word,

Nought save the quick throb at my heart

Revealed the answering chord.

But through the long and weary day,

Like music sweet and clear,

Those gently whispered words of thine,

Are ringing in mine ear.

And when the folding doors of night

Shut out the world from me,

One sweet sound fills my dreaming sleep,

Those few kind words from thee !

## A REMEMBERED FACE.

"A dream of their presence whom once we have met."

FRANCES BROWN.

Thy gentle face doth haunt me, and thine eyes,  
Thy spirit lighted eyes, gaze into mine  
With the fond look we wear when thoughts arise,  
Of that mysterious spell which seems to twine  
Our love round some, who still must ever be  
To us, as strangers, save in memory.

And yet it may be that thy features wore  
That look unconsciously, and not to me  
Such loving thought was given, but that o'er  
The sparkling waters of some love-lit sea,  
Thy soul was wafted, and no word of mine,  
Woke a response in that warm heart of thine.

Let it be so, still will thy calm pale brow,

The steadfast eyes, and queenly form, remain

An ever present picture, even as now

I see thy visioned face and feel no pain

In knowing that ere this, all thought of me

Is as some long forgotten dream to thee.

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